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THE
MASONIC
CITY

A NOVEL

BY
JOSEPH THOMAS FRANCIS

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

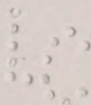
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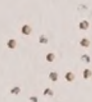
Morris County press.

MOBBISTOWN, N. J.

1922

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JOSEPH THOMAS FRANCIS
Morristown, N. J.



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WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Troy Weight

	lb	Oz	Pwt	Grs
1 Gerah	0	0	0	12
10 Gerahs—1 Bekah	0	0	5	0
2 Bekahs—1 Shekel	0	0	10	0
60 Shekels—1 Maneh	2	6	0	0
50 Manehs—1 Talent	125	0	0	0

Land Measure

	Mi	Paces	Feet
1 Cubit	0	0	1.824
400 Cubits—1 Furlong (Luke 24: 13.)	0	145	4.6
10 Furl'gs—1 Mile (Matt. 5: 41.)	1	403	1.0
15 Furl'gs—1 Sab. Day's J'y 1 (John 11:18; Acts 1:12.)	1	132	4.0
24 Miles—1 Day's Journey	33	172	4.0

swp. Feb. 11/119

DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER AND FRIENDS
WITH
GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF THEIR KINDNESS, AID AND
SYMPATHY

INTRODUCTORY

The writer wishes to state that in writing the story of the Masonic City, he endeavors to extol the Fraternal Organization that lays claim to the Emblem known and recognized by its peculiar symbol in every corner of the Hemisphere, viz.,

THE SQUARE AND COMPASS

In writing the story, the writer has chiefly borne in mind the possibility of it being adaptable for a moving picture. A picture depending entirely upon the amount of pains expended in producing it so as to give the most wonderment and realism to the spectator.

The writer has endeavored to include in his story only such scenes which he believes can possibly be converted to the screen, and only that which would have the unbiased approval of the Fraternity which it endeavors to eulogize.

With no learned authority upon the great antiquity of Freemasonry; with no claim to kinship or connection with the occult tie which binds its members, but with a limited knowledge of the origination and developement of architecture, its magnificence so ably described in the Bible concerning the building of King Solomon's Temple, and by exercising considerable imagination, he has been able to gather material enough to weave this story.

Masonry, or that which constitutes the foundation upon which the Society of Freemasons has been built, has a broad claim upon the origin, develop-

ment, and history of architecture. The skill of the various artificers was brought together and consolidated; and architecture was chosen to be the exemplification of it. Through and by it men strove and competed in their efforts to reach a superlative degree of perfection of an art which would make them superior to their fellow-man. Hence, the introduction and advancement of civilization itself. But before these grand works of art could be set apart and so placed that the world might stare in wonderment, it was necessary for the workmen to employ certain instruments to perfect and make their work effective. Throughout the ages these instruments of trade have been employed, but not until the building of King Solomon's Temple did the workmen form such a superlative estimation of their value as to immortalize them as being the chief and essential factors to the success and achievement of their work.

The writer's conception of Masonry in one of its chief characteristics is that it has embraced and covered nearly all of the known sciences from time immemorial to those of the present day. Men in all walks of life have in a measure been guided by its influence. Therefore, the writer feels safe in stating that an artificer, though he be not directly affiliated with the Ancient Fraternity, does embrace many of the occult principles and exhibits them daily, but is ignorant of the significant meaning applied to that particular thing performed. However, the builders of antiquity passed on, leaving, as it were, their footprints in the sand of time; a rich inheritance for succeeding generations.

—J. T. F.

THE MASONIC CITY

The Masonic City

On a beautiful June morning, a ship sailed out of the harbor of New York, bound for Mediterranean ports. Somewhat apart from the many passengers on board, and in a very conspicuous part of the deck, a small group had congregated. This group consisted of five persons, namely; the Rev. Laurence Potters, a retired missionary; Mr. and Mrs. George Saulters, regular globe trotters; Egbert Greystone, son of a wealthy and highly respected Congressman; and Naomi Greystone, his wife.

This little party group were laughing and joking and having a jolly good time. The Mr. Saulters who had drunk something for his stomach's sake and other infirmities, was really overdoing himself in bidding New York a last farewell. He slighted none. Even the buildings and docks received a fair proportion of the most exquisite hand thrown kisses and hand waves. At times it was necessary for him to use the finger tips of both hands, simultaneously as the French do, to throw kisses. This Mr. Saulters laid claim to ancestry which connected itself with royalty and some of the best blood in Europe. He was four feet five inches in height, and was a regular

fashion plate, cut and fitted to the most discriminating taste. He wore a monocle over his right eye and it was attached to a broad ribbon.

After the ship cleared the harbor, the center of amusement shifted itself to Egbert Greystone and his wife. One could plainly see that they were embarrassed and annoyed by Mr. Saulters' well meant but extreme behavior. They were the target for his remarks, and thus it was learned that they were bride and groom and this their wedding tour. The whole party was embarked for Egypt where the Rev. Laurence Potters intended to remain indefinitely for the purpose of research work. The others intended to spend their time traveling to such places that pleased their fancy.

The steamer landed at Alexandria where everything immediately took on new life. The passengers and baggage handlers jostled each other in their rush to get off the ship, but, through all the hurrying and scurrying, each member of that exclusive party of five was distinctly recognized in the crowd on the gangplank. A day or two later, in the streets of Cairo, they were seen winding their way here and there among the many curio shops in search of souvenirs. Mr. Saulters still bore testimony of having a good supply of alcoholic beverage in his system. He was quite silly. Furthermore, he was endeavoring to flirt with every woman he saw, in spite of admonitions from his wife.

About three or four days later, a caravan arrived at Cairo making its customary stop incidental to proceeding on its way across the desert. The route taken by this caravan took one past the Sphinx and Pyramids, so it was customary for it to stop

long enough to allow passengers to visit and view these wonders of the world. Our friends with the exception of the Rev. Laurence Potters, had decided to go along with it and were at the depot early to purchase their seats. This caravan consisted of a small detachment of Egyptians with their camels, and many passengers were already mounted on the backs of the overpacked animals. They were sitting, one on each side, in seats so arranged as to establish equilibrium.

It was interesting to notice the clothing worn by the Egyptian men attached to the caravan, especially those who desired to make an impression. They wore enormous white turbans having a silk handkerchief of various colors lightly thrown over it, a loose robe of brilliant material, and white turkish trousers of large capacity. Their foot-wear consisted of red slippers turned up at the toes. The caravan chief did not hesitate to let it be known that each trip was taken under great hazards. He said the journey would require about two weeks to cover a distance of three hundred miles, and would lead through sandy plains, with only here and there a watering place, where daring hold-ups and robberies were frequently committed. So nearly everybody was furnished with some weapon for protection, either a gun, a knife or a scimiter.

The packs and passengers finally ready, the signal was given, and the caravan started on its way out across the desert, having forty or more camels in the outfit. The camels walked in a single row or column, those behind being tied to the tails of those that preceeded them. A stop, simply long enough to visit the Sphinx, was made, then the caravan pro-

ceeded, and from their seats the tourists viewed the Pyramids. Hours passed, and soon there was nothing to be seen but the sky above and the vast stretch of desert extending in every direction to the horizon. The exhilaration displayed at the beginning of the trip had long since died. The weather was fearfully hot, and every person in the outfit had fallen into a state of gloomy endurance. Only now and then was the silence broken by some attendant who urged his beast along. Suddenly a porter yelled and pointed his arm in the direction of the horizon to what appeared to be a cloud of dust. As the cloud drew nearer, various ones raised their binoculars and distinguished a large body of horsemen. Imagine the surprise when the chief of the caravan ordered every one from his perch, huddled the women together, and prepared the men in readiness for battle. He had recognized the horsemen to be a terrifying band of Tartaric marauders, bent on murder and plunder. Excitement prevailed. The marauders, naturally greedy, dispersed themselves in every direction to encircle the caravan and reap their bloody harvest.

Egbert Greystone produced a revolver, and after fervently kissing Naomi, took his place upon the firing line. She was frightened and horror stricken, but she resolved to die by her husband's side, and begged to be permitted to remain with him. Hurriedly surveying the situation, he decided it might be just as well to grant her request. The marauders opened fire on the little band, and a few fell. The fire was returned, and several of the murderers were killed. The brutal bandit chief ordered his men to close in and to annihilate. In the battle, not only the

swords and knives, but even the teeth and nails of the combatants were made use of in their fury. Many of the caravan victims were dragged from their lurking holes and mutilated. But Greystone managed to force his way out of that fight, and when he emerged he was dragging Naomi. With a revolver, he had cleared a path to freedom.

Some distance from the fight, a bandit was in charge of a group of horses. They were tethered and ready to be released instantly. The bandit's interest in the fight was so great that he failed to note the approach of Greystone at first. It was a surprise, but he soon got over it, and crouching behind every means of concealment he crept, with a long knife clenched in his hand, until he got within striking distance, then, with all his might, hurled himself at his foe. Greystone, though ever alert and even expecting to find the animals guarded, found the attack from that particular quarter so unexpected and sudden that he did not have time to raise his gun. But he knew something about the art of self-defence. Sidestepping the rush, he caught the fellow square on the point of the jaw with his fist and knocked him sprawling, but in less time than it takes to tell, the fellow regained his feet and again hurled himself at Greystone. This time Greystone managed to get a vise-like grip on the fellow's wrist. Backward and forward, and from side to side the men tussled and shuffled, every muscle strained to the utmost. Wide eyed, puffing, ferocious beast-like species, each striving to take the other's life. Twice the bandit had Greystone, under. Twice the glittering steel had gone within an inch of its mark. Shielded by the horses this battle raged unmolested

and was witnessed only by the trembling terrorized chalk-face girl. Greystone, who was tiring fast, realized that it was only a matter of moments before that shining instrument would pierce his heart. How he hated to die. With his remaining strength, he somehow wrenched the knife from the bandit's hand. It landed just beyond reach of both. But, Naomi saw what happened, and quick as a flash jumped and obtained it and plunged it to the hilt into the bandit's back.

Hastily getting up and glancing about, Greystone untethered two horses. Seizing Naomi, he threw her upon one animal and mounted the other, and then, at top speed, sought an avenue of escape. Both horses carried Greystone and Naomi quite a distance before their attempt to escape was apparently noticed, but soon two Arabians were seen giving chase. The Arabian, who was slightly in the lead, raised his rifle and fired. Greystone now knew it was time to use the loaded rifle he had discovered attached to the saddle upon which he was perched. Wheeling his horse slightly, he fired a shot which caused the leading horse to fall and throw its rider, and the other horse to stumble over the dead animal's body and in some manner break a leg. Greystone and Naomi covered considerable ground, but he noticed that her steed, in spite of all urging, was rapidly decreasing in speed. They were soon forced to dismount. A hurried examination disclosed a wound near the flank. A few moments later the horse trembled, staggered, and dropped dead at their feet.

Fate appeared to be playing against them and they knew it. The strain, together with fatigue and

and hunger, was beginning to have its effect, yet there was nothing else to do but to press onward in the direction undertaken. For a short period Naomi gave up to a crying spell and her husband did everything possible to console her. The knowledge within him told that the odds were against them, as he arranged the equipments so as to continue their flight. He placed Naomi on the saddle in front of him, but this did not suit the horse, so very little progress was made. It finally became necessary for Greystone to dismount and lead the animal, thereby leaving the saddle all to his wife. He removed the rifle from its case and placed it under his arm, then seizing the reins, he proceeded to make his way across the desert. Here and there on both sides of their route were skeletons of animals, and a few whose carcasses, only partially eaten by buzzards, tainted the air. They continued to press steadily on until nightfall.

The surrounding territory in that particular locality was here and there dotted with a desert growth resembling the sage bush. These bushes grew to a height of about three feet and possessed no leaves. One might think they were a lot of dead bushes stuck here and there in the sand. Digging in the sand showed no signs of water, yet it was wonderful that a Power could create a bush to live in such a place and thrive. Fastening the reins over and around a bush to prevent the horse from straying, Greystone prepared a bed in the sand for Naomi, placed her in it, and then retired a short distance to stand guard for the night. Naomi called, so he came back and sat down and held one of her hands until she fell asleep. Then he arose and took a position

a few feet away. Hours rolled by, and, in a squatting position, he watched and smoked. Nature, however, gradually got the upper hand. His head and body commenced to sway to and fro, and finally he became apparently indifferent and unconcerned as to his surroundings. Naomi awoke suddenly, having been startled by some wild dream, and bewildered at first by not seeing her husband, gave a cry. Greystone was wide awake in a jiffy and by her side. She complained of being thirsty, and besought her husband to get her a drink. He immediately obtained the water bag attached to the saddle, but found it nearly three-fourths empty. He brought it to her and she fairly gulped it down. He actually did the same. Then it suddenly dawned upon him that it was necessary to go sparingly with the water as there were no signs anywhere of replacing it. Hereafter they were simply to wet their lips and throat. Observing that it was now about sunrise, Greystone lost no time in making preparation to resume their flight. Their horse was vigorously pawing with his fore feet, undoubtedly in hope of finding water. Then Greystone was seen to pucker his brow, for then he knew that in this animal all hope for any possible escape was staked. The horse must have water by all means. But where were they to get it? The sickening thought banished every hope of ever seeing God's country again. Entwining their arms around each other, they knelt in the sand and bowed in humble submission to their Creator. They prayed to God for deliverance. Then they got up and, after gently carressing the horse, took down the water bag and gave him the last drop.

They were about to start. The horse, whose

reins had been thrown over the bush, bolted, yanked and overturned the small bush to which he was fastened. Something happened. Behold, this bush was growing in a wooden box that was hinged to a frame. Recovering from the effect produced by this queer turn of events, Greystone cautiously approached the aperture and found this box to be a lid or trap door to something buried in the sand. Peering down, there to his increased surprise, he found a well; a most wonderful piece of masonry that was ever constructed of brick and stone. When the lid was closed there were no means by which one might discover this cleverly contrived place, for the bush, like thousands that grew thereabout, completely hid its secret. Greystone beckoned to his wife and she approached the edge and looked down at the water below. They were so perturbed it was a hard matter for them to think. Unbelievable as it may seem, yet here was a well, in a place where bones of animals and people were strewn about in an attitude that indicated that their search had been for water. But was this water good to drink? This was the question. Naomi detected that means had been provided for one to climb down. Projecting pieces of stone, simply large enough for a foothold, formed a ladder. At the bottom was a ledge upon which three or more persons might stand. Naomi pointed this feature out to her husband, and he lost no more time with conjectures but immediately climbed in and descended. Grave apprehension ensued because the water appeared to be black from the earth's surface. Greystone scooped up a handful and found it to be clear. Placing it to his lip it apparently was good to drink. Only the imagination can correctly picture the joy

over this miraculous discovery.

The problem of watering the horse still confronted them and afforded much concern. The method formerly employed, which consisted of holding the bag so the water could trickle down the horses throat, was inadequate. The horse had not been trained to drink water in that fashion, therefore, very little of the water entered his interior. But Naomi solved the problem by a novel arrangement. She directed her husband to get the water bag and hold it bottom upward, then, with the thumb and fore finger of each hand, grasp the edge of each side midway its length. She then took hold of the bottom section, placed her fingers along the part held by Greystone, and commenced to tuck in the sides. Soon she had constructed a very serviceable bucket, and in a short time the horse was watered. Frankly Greystone commended Naomi for being able to devise means to overcome a difficulty in the hour of need.

Converting the bag into its original shape, Greystone was on the point of entering the well to fill it when he noticed the peculiar behavior of the horse. He was snorting, whinnying, and acting queer, and Greystone thought it not a bad idea to look around. Then on the horizon he dimly outlined a mass form. He knew not whether it was friend or foe, so he ordered Naomi to enter the well. Then he dexteriously moved about endeavoring to destroy all signs of anyone having recently traveled in that vicinity. He released the horse and drove it away in the opposite direction. Crouching as near the earth as possible, he hurriedly entered the well and carefully pulled the hatch down in place.

From the surface, everything appeared as usual. Once more the little bush was growing upright in the sand. But Greystone forgot something. He thought of it as soon as he had closed the hatch, but it was then too late. He had failed to extract the rifle from its case on the saddle. From his hip pocket, he obtained a search light so that he might examine his revolver. He found the cylinders empty. The sickening thoughts that followed caused him to drop the useless weapon into the water. He threw a beam of light on Naomi and saw her huddling close to the wall and trembling from head to foot. He reached the helpless girl and caught her just as she swooned and was falling. The sudden weight that fell against him caused him to stagger and reach out for support. In doing so he pushed outward a small stone door. It was about two feet square, and flapped back to its original position as soon as he removed his hand. Greystone examined this little door after his wife had been brought back to consciousness. He found it cleverly hinged at the top, and balanced and constructed in such a way as to automatically close and remain so until disturbed by some exterior power. When closed, no means were visible for telling that a door was built in the wall. Even Greystone had to run his hands along its surface and depend upon pressure to find it again. It revealed a tube-like tunnel through which one might crawl.

(INTERLUDE)

The mass form finally took the shape of horsemen. A few could be seen dashing madly in and among the bushes as if in search of something. Un-

questionable, it was the same band of outlaws, only considerably reenforced. Hitherto, no victim had ever escaped from their grasp. Therefore, to maintain this boast accounted for much of the activities displayed. On they came, the main outfit riding their horses at a canter, until within a few feet of the bush over the well. Here the leader commanded his men to halt.

(INTERLUDE)

Greystone and Naomi were soon alert to the sound of trampling hoofs that seemingly centered right over their heads. With grave apprehension lest their hiding place be discovered or known, they entered the tunnel. While creeping on hands and knees through this dark tube, Greystone's head came in contact with a piece of wood protruding from the ceiling. A slight rumbling sound was heard behind them. That piece of wood operated a locking device at the entrance of the tunnel. After their fear of danger from that particular quarters had passed, they, by lying flat and creeping on their stomachs, passed beneath this lever.

(INTERLUDE)

The bandit chief appeared to be puzzled and provoked, and raged because his men did not bring what he told them to seek. He wanted to meet a certain man personally and engage him in a personal encounter. With hellish delight, he contrived means to provoke a fight for the possession of a certain woman in the event of this man being taken alive.

It would be a duel fought on the level so that each might have an equal chance. In reality, it was to be a murder because the means contrived were wicked and cruel in their design. But the contemplations formed in his nefarious brain caused him to think he could appear more to an advantage before the woman he intended to have for himself. Suddenly the chief's dream was interrupted, and he stared with bulging eyes at an object on the ground near a bush. With eyes glued to the spot while dismounting, he, in a few quick strides, stooped and picked up a whalebone hair pin, then smiled as he examined it.

Hurriedly calling his officers and men to assemble, he held the article high so that they might see it, then allowed his wrath and fury to descend upon them. He was talking when two tardy members came dashing up. They reported that they had seen a moving object in the distance that might possibly be a horse. It was so far away they could only detect it was moving, and the distance was too great to give chase alone. The chief now believed the object to be within his grasp. Designating the two men as guides, he gave a signal and the band rode rapidly away.

(INTERLUDE)

Journeying on hands and knees was tiresome, and our friends knew not where the tube would lead. Finally Greystone's hand came in contact with a stone barrier, a door identically like the one leading from the well. Cautiously he applied his strength and opened it enough to peep in. A beam of light

entered through the opening. Making the aperture still larger, he got a good view of the place into which the door opened. It was a room about twenty feet long, twelve feet wide, and fifteen feet high. It was built of masonry and void of signs of being inhabited. Believing that no immediate danger lurked within these walls, Greystone and Naomi got out of the tube, but were so completely exhausted that they sank to the floor.

After resting a while they took a closer observation of their surroundings, and noticed that the room was peculiarly lighted by a phosphorous substance lined and embedded in and about the walls and ceiling, and was not the light of day as they had presupposed. The light was of a greenish cast, and gave the chamber a ghastly and uncanny appearance. A trough was on the immediate left of their entrance. It was about fourteen inches wide, and was embedded in the wall about three feet from the floor. In it ran clear cool spring water from somewhere, and continued its flow through the adjacent wall. As to where it found an outlet was as much a mystery as the source of supply. Greystone and Naomi took a drink and were greatly refreshed. They theorized and concluded that the air in this chamber was kept renewed by the intake and expulsion of the running water. They undoubtedly were right for no other means to get air were visible.

The side walls possessed no mural designs, but the center wall contained the most remarkable feature of the chamber and held Greystone spellbound for a considerable length of time. It seemed as if some valuable information was written there, puzzling and mystifying, yet like unto a light to one in

darkness. Two doors were built in this wall, one at each end, placed about eight inches from the corners. They were about four feet wide and nine feet high, and formed the entrances to two long passageways which were beautifully decorated and ornamented with carvings of various shapes and forms. The floors were made of tile with floral designs. However, no straight view could be obtained where these passageways led. In the space between the doors, and directly in the center near the ceiling, was a hand chiselled representation of the All-Seeing-Eye. Directly beneath this was the (Square and Compass) Masonic emblem. Beneath the emblem hung three pine torches and a bowl of flint suspended by a wild grape vine. Beneath the torches and bowl, and on a level with the floor, was an opening about three feet square.

Naomi suggested entering the doorway on the right, and later the one on the left, but Greystone, for some reason, was reluctant about entering either. His actions were a trifle perplexing to his wife because he gave no reason for not choosing one of the two exits. He appeared lost in deep study. Suddenly he looked at the Masonic emblem, then, in a few strides, reached and obtained a torch, and lighting it with the flint, bade his wife to follow. But instead of entering the doors, Greystone led his wife through the opening. Once more they were on their hands and knees and were compelled to endure the hardship of traveling in this fashion. Why Greystone should choose such a route was more than Naomi could understand, but she had heard her husband's biddings to follow, so she did in humble obedience and silence.

After creeping seemingly longer than before, Greystone found himself upon the brink of a steep incline or a shute. In fact, he had crept upon it unawhere, and was so far over as to be unable to get back. Naomi screamed as she frantically grabbed Greystone's foot in an effort to save him, but his weight was too great, and she was also pulled over. Their lightning like flight down the shute soon deposited them unhurt into a large sized tunnel of such dimension that a horse and cart might pass through were it not for the large rocks and boulders here and there along its course. These formed barriers which Greystone and Naomi were compelled to climb over. It was hard work, and their strength was nearly gone. It was remarkable, indeed, how they had stood it this far as neither had had a morsel of food since starting out with the caravan. In the distance Greystone saw a light, so staggering, stumbling and partially dragging Naomi, he struggled to reach it. When he got to where the light was, he discovered that they were at the mouth of the tunnel.

Naomi was unable to take another step so Greystone left her within a short distance of the entrance gates and cautiously proceeded alone to reconnoitre. He crept past the gates on his stomach and found himself upon a large stone balcony overlooking the side of a huge cliff. At one end of the cliff, and near the gate stood a guard house. It was empty, but had not been so for any great length of time, for a small table was laden with food. Greystone took enough for two and went back to Naomi. They sat down behind a huge rock and ate. After eating, they slept for hours.

PART TWO

A large bug crept across Greystone's face and caused him to arouse suddenly from his slumber, and to imagine what terrible results might follow the bite of such a horrid looking creature. He shuddered, and a pang of shame also crept over him as he thought of Naomi and realized how poor a protector he was. Then he saw, by the light that entered the mouth of the tunnel, thousands of these giant-size centipedes on the walls and ceiling. Immediately the place was a spot to be dreaded, so snatching up Naomi he carried her out to where in all probability other dangers awaited. Fortunately, no one was on the balcony or in sight, and in the opening they recovered rapidly. A stone balustrade bordered the front and one side, and over this they decided to look. Below them, spread out as if by magic, was a beautiful city. The inhabitants apparently were sleeping, for the stillness of the night was broken now and then only by the crowing of a cock. Once or twice, they heard the distant baying

of a hound, and it caused a queer feeling to run along their spine. If the city would only arouse from its slumber and go hustling and bustling like any other city, the loneliness would not be so great, thought Greystone. To have seen some one stirring about might have helped some, especially at that hour in the morning.

After awhile Greystone and Naomi noticed that the cliff upon which they stood was one of four that formed a wall around the city which they judged was about four miles square. The cliffs extended straight up for a distance of nearly two miles and then arched over, leaving a circular opening at the top about a mile or more in diameter. Around the edge where the arch formed the opening, a wall of fire belched high into the air. The center of the opening was clear and the stars could be seen. This fire was what illuminated the city and gave it nearly the light of day. It came from some place in the earth's interior, or probably it was a vein from some volcano. No doubt people for generations had seen fire and smoke belching from the top of this mountain, and to them it was simply a volcano. As no one, except those within, knew that the eruption simply took place near the crater, and the depth below it could be inhabited, it would be the last place for any person to look for a living thing much less to mention the finding of such a thing as a city.

Enraptured and thrilled by what they saw, Greystone and Naomi failed to see the guard, who, while making his rounds, detected them and sped with unusual nimbleness to spread the alarm. The guard mistook the couple for an apparition, and the squad of soldiers who came in response to the call

entertained the same belief. They did not rush up, but instead, stood afar and viewed the awe-inspiring couple. Eventually, one recovered sufficiently to remember the gate at the tunnel's entrance, and sped away to close it. The gate was controlled by an apparatus with a large wheel and soon barred any attempt to escape from that direction. A bell hung from a projecting piece of cliff, and its rope dangled close to the wheel. From the way the guard rang the bell, one would have thought it was a riot call. People came running from every direction, and after they learned that strangers had discovered an entrance to their city, it was all a cordon of soldiers could do to deal with the excited mob.

A prelate and a few sub-ordinates were among those first to arrive, which was a piece of good fortune, for Greystone and Naomi would have been decapitated on the spot had not this man seen the distress signal known only to a Master Mason. At first he thought his eyes had deceived him, but the signal was flashed again. Others saw it and stood aghast, then impulsively assisted the soldiers in subduing the throngs that surged back and forth. The Prelate managed to command Greystone's attention, then signal after signal and sign after sign flashed back and forth through the intervening space. The adage that, "Nothing travels and spreads faster than news" was here demonstrated to be a fact for the Most High And Exalted Ruler of the city received news concerning the strangers long before the official messenger reached the palace. And you are informed that this fellow could show some speed.

After the Prelate and those about him were satisfied that Greystone was a Mason, they raised their

hands and bade the crowd disperse. Greystone and his wife were then arrested and taken to a cave which served the purpose of a prison. Here they were questioned through an interpreter, and described their trip across the desert, the attack by the Tartaric band, the escape and accidental discovery of the well, and the passageway to the chamber with the two doors and the small square opening. The officials, after hearing their story, published a narrative of the exploits for free distribution. By giving the people an opportunity to learn the facts, their attitude changed and they marveled at the feat of the couple for they had traveled, as it were, "Through the Valley of Death." A valley of death indeed, for should they have taken either exit leading from that particular chamber, their bodies would have been torn assunder and scattered about by the many and various contrivances installed therein for that purpose.

But now that the city had the uninvited guests on their hands, what were they to do with them was the problem. The judges knew no course other than to keep their prisoners until something in the future might warrant their disposal. One thing was learned and that was the couple would never be allowed to leave the city but would spend the rest of their days there. As time went on, the people, who were Egyptians and in general were friendly, gradually forgot to treat Greystone and Naomi as ordinary prisoners, but rather as hero and heroine. Many believed some Supernatural Power had sent the strangers into their midst. Greystone noticed that the men with whom he came in contact used the Masonic sign. City administrators, clergymen, soldiers, and civilians with

no particular mark of distinction used it. Their conversations showed friendliness, and often an inquiry concerning the doings of the outside world would be asked. It was while discussing the subject of Masonry Greystone learned that he and his wife had entered a city where all the male inhabitants were members of the Masonic Order. Hence the Masonic City, a city where every man possessed some degree, either small or great, in that ancient organization, and actually lived, worked, and was governed by its teachings. Greystone could hardly comprehend such a place to be possible, though he himself was a Mason of high degree.

One day the Most High And Exalted Ruler sent for Greystone. He had heard so much about the strange sayings and wisdom of this male prisoner until he had become anxious to meet and talk with him. Therefore, Greystone was bound hand and foot, and a small black bag was placed over his head and drawn down to the shoulders and fastened. He was placed in a sedan and was conveyed to the palace upon the shoulders of eight men. When the palace gates were reached, his body was transferred to a litter and was carried and placed at the foot of the throne. The Ruler, who was known as King Phara, commanded that the fetters binding the prisoner be cut and the blindfold removed, and also that he be placed upon his feet. With his shackles strewn around the floor Greystone stood face to face with the king. Their eyes met, and certain signs and grips were exchanged. King Phara and members of his court were amazed at Greystone's knowledge, and tested him in various ways, and when they discovered that he was a 33rd Degree Mason, exceedingly great

was their astonishment. Without further ado, the King declared Greystone and his wife free from further imprisonment, and commanded that a dinner be prepared and served in the dining hall. At the table their talk consisted of things concerning Masonry, and when they were through Greystone was informed that all the privileges, befitting one of his standing, would be accorded as long as he made no attempt to escape. He was also advised to induce Naomi to connect herself with the Order of the Eastern Star, the branch of the Masonic Order which comprised all the female inhabitants of the city.

Eventually, Greystone and Naomi became so well liked that King Phara frequently consulted and asked for their opinion upon many great problems. A richly furnished residence was provided within a short distance of the palace, and thus they entered into the life of the city. You will probably be interested to know that Naomi advanced rapidly to a high seat in the Order of the Eastern Star mainly because her education was such as to enable her to teach the women many things employed in the Western Hemisphere. Although the Masonic City was in an advanced state of civilization, many antique methods were used, these having been handed down from generations past. A few were even crude and inefficient. But Naomi took an active interest in instructing the women in things of a domestic character, and especially in the method of caring for children. She gained and commanded the respect of all, and in general became greatly beloved. These influential attainments were not reached in a day because there were many who objected and were reluctant about adopting new ideas and modern ways.

If King Phara had not influenced the people by telling them the need of advancing with the times, and educating themselves along such lines, it is doubtful whether half the methods or things suggested by our friends would ever have come into general use or practice. We shall not dwell longer upon this subject, but must focus our attention to a day Egbert Greystone accompanied King Phara on a tour of the city.

Leaving the palace by way of the North gate brought Greystone to a spot where he stopped and viewed this most wonderful structure. It was distinguished for its princely elegance and ornamental fronts. Its principal and distinctive features were the arcades surrounding the court, the porticoes of the front and sides, the atlantes that supported the entablatures and formed the conservatory, and the colossal columns forming the colonnade. These were all made of white marble of proper proportion, and the carvings and decorations were such as few skilled workmen elsewhere have produced. In constructing this building the Composite Order of architecture was observed, a noticeable contrast, as nearly all their buildings and edifices were constructed along the lines of the Ionic, Tuscan or Doric style. The Corinthian Order, though represented, was not so prominent among the aggregation. The premises of the palace was really a beauty spot adorned with statues, immense amphoras, and marble fountains supported by caryatics and engraved with mythological subjects. Similar fountains stood along the streets of the city spouting cold spring water. The entrance gates, four in number and set according to the four points of the compass, were profusely dec-

orated with mouldings, wreaths, masks and human figures in relief.

In passing through the city, Greystone noticed that numerous citizens dressed in conformity with the degree of Masonic attainment, the dress being of ancient pattern, and that many soldiers were clad in heavy suits of armour, while others wore lighter suits. These lighter suits consisted of helmet, a coat of light armour or a breast protector, a short skirt, and metal leggings to adorn the fore part of the leg. Everybody, except small children, wore sandals, yet it was no ninth wonder to see probably an old man or woman toddling along in bare feet. Long loose robes were worn by both men and women, and the garment called the toga was worn by the expounders of the law or judiciary body and the instructors at the various seats of learning. The soldier with his spear and shield, the citizen and his costume, the city itself caused Greystone to think of what ancient Jerusalem was like in comparison, and he commented upon the magnificence of everything.

He was taken to the temple and saw the monument of civilization, the most massive specimen of the Doric Order of architecture in existence. It resembled the Parthenon at Athens, only here was executed greater care and delicacy. The position and lines of the nude figures that graced the space between the pillars; the entablature, containing the frieze with triglyphs and metopes; the pediment, all gave expression to the acme of perfection of those things that are beautiful and grand. The temple of Neptune at Paestum, Southern Italy, would gladly exchange pedestals for the sake of showing this treasure to the world.

After viewing the exterior, King Phara and Greystone climbed the broad flight of stairs and entered a doorway that formed the entrance to a large hall or chamber. This outer chamber was set apart and dedicated to the sacred memory of the Entered Apprentice Degree, and Greystone was so struck with its beauty, that while little attention, comparatively, was bestowed on the exterior; his attention was immediately concentrated to the gigantic jeweled Masonic emblem, conspicuously hung from the ceiling, and the elaborate interior decorations. One must remember that, aside from the candles and sacred fires, there were no modern employment of means for lighting this sanctuary, yet the light obtained from the volcanic ejection, was admitted into the temple in such a manner, as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Throughout the temple the utmost labour and skill had been expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. Beautiful paintings on the walls, such as, The Wheat Field, Cutting Down Cedars, Workmen in Quarries, and numerous others, were adornments which expressed their significance only to those who could interpret their meaning. It looked as if every dash of the painter's brush had executed some meaning and character. The grouping was harmonious, and delicacy of every detail demonstrated the ability of those who could produce such wonderful works of art. Aside from their interpretation, they were a most wonderful assemblage of pictures.

Along both sides of the chamber were niches each containing some pillar or other object of wor-

ship. At certain intervals small doorways led to small chambers or ante-rooms of various dimensions. Three huge amphoras, one containing sacred corn, one sacred wine, and the other precious oil, stood in a row near a wall. Two large Wardens' columns stood angular shape in one corner of this chamber. A sprig of Acacia stood conspicuously in another. Near the center of the room stood a pulpit, and placed within a few feet of it were three tall candlesticks. The pulpit had been hewn out of one piece of white marble, and the carved decorations on it were of a floral ornamentation. Opposite the pulpit was a stone taken from the ruins of King Solomon's temple. Heavy curtains, containing the Square and Compass and other insignia, draped the walls and adorned the doorways.

King Phara escorted Greystone to a magnificent stone stairway with engravings on the risers of each of the first three steps. They were representations of some tool employed in Masonry and arranged as follows: the first riser contained a guage, the second, a level and plumb; and the third, a square. These three steps and an elevated surface led to a set of stairs, five in number, supporting five columns employed in the various orders of architecture. Upon the tread of each step the columns were erected in the following order; namely, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Composite, and Corinthian. These stairs led to a higher elevation and still another flight of stairs, seven in all, having Egyptians writings and characters, in base relief, on the tread of each step that represented the various steps of knowledge and learning ; such as, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy. At the

top was a doorway through which a beautiful landscape view could be obtained. Greystone folded his arms and stood long and silent while gazing at the scene, then turned, suddenly, to speak of the tessellated flooring at the foot of the stairs, which was constructed of tile in a Mosaic diamond design in colors.

Passing through another doorway brought King Phara and Greystone into a massive hall known as the Middle chamber, a chamber set apart and dedicated to the sacred memory of the Fellowcraft Degree. It resembled the chamber previously mentioned in many respects, but differed by being far more elaborately adorned with curtains, tapestry, and other handsome furnishings. The paintings, very noticeable on the walls, of the Five Orders of Architecture, Clay Grounds, and the Pillars of the Porch, had been most wonderfully executed. Many relics, including a corner-stone, a tablet, a plain slab, and a broken column, occupied space in a corner of this room, and immediately opposite stood a sea with twelve oxen, arranged and grouped so that three faced the North, three the West, three the South, and three the East. A large brass candelabrum, a huge piece of mahogany beam, a tool chest with a complete set of workmen's tools, and a short trunk of a Cedar tree also occupied a conspicuous place in this chamber. A large cornucopia, signifying the horn of plenty and wrought of solid gold, hung along the side of a wall. King Phara informed Greystone that the sea with oxen, the cornucopia, and the brass candelabrum had been secretly removed from Solomon's temple and brought here after that structure had been destroyed. When it was definitely known that

the temple was doomed, the inhabitants themselves endeavored to destroy it and hide as much as possible from King Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian warrior. The workmen excavated an area under the temple, but were only able to bury these few treasures and cover them with debris. Consequently, these escaped the fate universally believed. The tool chest had been the property of an Egyptian craftsman, who, while the temple was being erected, was hired to do some work requiring great skill. The Cedar log came from Lebanon and was an extra piece of the timber used. The cornerstone, slab, broken column, and the piece of mahogany were relics taken from the ruins of the temple. The broken column was one of the "Pillars of the Porch."

This chamber also contained the implements and equipments employed in present day ceremonies. A pulpit stood near the center of the floor with three tall candle-sticks near it. Two fluted columns, each possessing a Composite capital decorated with lilies, pomegranates and a hemisphere, stood at an angle to a corner and two sides of their bases could be seen. One side had a carving, in base relief, of a level and plumb; and the other, the letter "G". Greystone also saw a pedestal with an hour-glass on it, and he watched the sands of time swiftly filter through.

King Phara and Greystone left the Middle chamber by passing through a colonnade-like portal having draperies of massive portiers and entered the chapel. This chapel, which was set apart and dedicated to the sacred memory of the Master Mason Degree, was a large silent chamber of a weird and spooky appearance. It contained the sacred shrine, the principal altar of worship, whose graceful carv-

ing awakened the deepest emotion in Greystone as he knelt before it. This beautiful altar, a masterpiece within itself, crowned the head of three steps. On these steps a set of silver tools having mahogany handles and inlaid with jewels of incomputable value had been placed. The set consisted of seven pieces, namely, a trowel, a level, a square, a plumb, a gauge, a mallet, and a compass, and had fanciful engravings on their metal parts. The altar, with its gold and silver trimmings and three lighted candles in gold candlesticks, and the jeweled five pointed star on its panel face, with the silver compass and square and gold wreath containing the jeweled "All-Seeing-Eye" and the letter "G" over and on top of it, and also the magnificent and perfectly formed column of the Composite Order with its hemisphere, pomegranates, and lilies, was indeed worth traveling far to see.

Means of illuminating the chapel was procured through four candelabra. Each had seven candles, and were placed at intervals that harmonized with other furnishings. Large vessels containing burning incense diffused an intoxicating aroma and a hazy blue veil of smoke. This added considerably toward making the chamber appear uncanny. In the harmonious arrangement of the many portiers, blue, purple, and scarlet were the colors most prominently used. These draperies were adorned with hand-worked designs. A velvet portier had the letter "G" in blazing gold, and the adjacent one, a bundle of wheat. One, draping a colonade opening, showed a scythe which seemed to suggest the grim reaper of death. Large pictorial pieces of tapestry, depicting a sword pointing to a naked heart, the All-Seeing-Eye, and the "Pillars of the Porch" in King Solo-

mon's Temple, were such as few people see in a life time. Near the ceiling, an oval opening in the wall connected with a shaft that led to a chamber below the temple. The shaft was constructed so as to have a sounding-board so arranged as to magnify the trained voices of children and the accompaniment of harps and flutes a hundred-fold, and demonstrated that the original designers possessed knowledge of the motion of sound-wave. The chamber containing the choir was probably a hundred feet beneath the chapel, yet the music flooded the temple from ceiling to floor, and as it increased harmoniously in volume, it fairly caused the walls to tremble and vibrate. King Phara and Greystone came to a halt, simultaneously, as if moved by the same impulse, and for a few moments both were rooted in their tracks. Then King Phara suddenly seized Greystone's hands, bowed his head and wept; then, raising his head and extending his arms toward heaven, he endeavored, between sobs, to allegorize as to what degree of superiority the heavenly choir must be.

TO THE READER

Having alluded in the most cursory manner to the Masonic temple, and contemplating that enough has been written concerning it to give you a fair conception of its magnitude, it seems that now is the most opportune time to quietly withdraw and await the rising of another sun to continue the itinerary. A number of months rolled by in the meantime, and of course many incidents and doings, owing to lack of space, will have to be omitted. Probably

it would be uninteresting reading because it would simply cover the daily routine with only minor events thrown in. But you will probably be interested to know that Greystone often went to the temple and worshipped his Creator within the Inner Sanctuary. He also attended sessional rites and ceremonies, and spent a large portion of time with Naomi. Together they took long hikes, visited many places of interest, and talked about the many events that had happened since leaving home, but avoided as much as possible discussing matters concerning the future because of its uncertainty and the outlook of spending the remainder of their days in the Masonic City. Time carries us to a date which furnishes material for writing the following episode.

PART THREE

It was a day King Phara won in a game of chess with Pania, the chief captain of the guard, that he sent for Greystone to accompany him on a visit to the various seats of learning and fields of occupation. Greystone assented to the proposal with a degree of feverish haste. This was due to the fact that he had been denied the privilege of visiting the Masonic Colleges and the places where the workmen were actually engaged at their trade. The invitation, coming as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, of course produced a noticeable effect, and King Phara jokingly told him that his expectancy should not be too great lest he suffer disappointment.

After leaving the palace they came to a square pavilion where King Phara abruptly turned and congratulated Greystone for having served a prescribed length of time on probation. The test had been designed, though Greystone knew nothing of it, to ascertain whether he would willingly do all things commanded or requested, and also to note if he

would attempt to exceed the bounds of his authority and privileges. Now that all were satisfied, he was to be allowed to see those things which, for some reason, were hidden from general view. Entering the pavilion, Greystone noticed it had four doorways with four sets of stairs leading down to the insignia-bedecked tiled floor sunk about four feet below the street level. A fountain, standing in a circular pool in the center of the floor, emitted a vapor-like spray interspersed by sparkling jets of water in the form of a beautiful floral design. King Phara proceeded alone to the brink of the pool, knelt and removed a tile, and picked up a gavel. He chose a stone near by upon which to wield it, and listened attentively to a responsive thumping. When the thumping ceased, he led Greystone to the base of a cliff where a stone door, hitherto unseen, opened, to all appearance on its own accord, and then closed after admitting them.

They descended a set of steps. A recess was on the right and in it stood a soldier, an Outer Guard, who could observe the approach of any one, either to the cliff or from the passage, without being seen. This was accomplished by means of spy-holes bored through the rocks. The recess also contained the mechanism for operating the door. The passageway was very straight for quite a distance, then turned abruptly at right angles and terminated in a place with numerous tunnels. These tunnels, interspersed with incline planes, intersectors, and crossovers, branched out in every conceivable direction and resembled the net-work of a spider's web. Greystone viewed this intricate network which reminded him so much of old New York's subway. Then fond recollections followed in a regular train

of thoughts. King Phara led Greystone to the extreme right and entered a tunnel forming a hall or passageway to many chambers. The hall and chambers were peculiarly illuminated by a phosphorus substance in glass containers which were attached to the ceiling or located in other adaptable places, and the light was of a brilliancy equal to any of our modern lamps and had a softness that did not injure the eyes.

The first set of chambers that King Phara and Greystone entered were known as the School of Music, and one chamber contained the singing gallery mentioned in the preceeding chapter. Here under the tutorship of Zroba, the Music Master, the children became proficient in all the known branches of music. Leaving this department, they came to the School of Spelling, Rhetoric, and Grammar. Here, considerable pains was taken to develop the children's minds, to the extent of cultivating the five senses seperately by expert teachers. The Principle of this department was a man by the name of Phema. He was a jovial and good-natured character whom Greystone took a liking to and later they became very intimate friends. The next department visited was the School of Mathematics. All the youths were obliged to attend this school, and were drilled and grounded well in the fundamental and intricate principles of both the elementary and higher branches of mathematics. The Supervising Principle was Hugo, a Master Mathemetician, who possessed extraordinary ability, for he had recently completed a system of computing by which many great mathematical problems were more easily solved. He had demonstrated his ability while on a visit in India,

a trip that covered Mecca, Calcutta, and Baroda. where he sat among the brainiest men of the East, a few of these being the world's greatest mathematicians. Intricate problems, those known and comprehensible only to master minds, were astonishingly quick, yet correctly answered by him. The next department visited was the school of Astronomy. Grouped about Elph, the instructor, were the youths of the city with their charts and instruments for calculating. Through an opening in the observatory wall, a portion which was also a part of the cliffs, one could gaze aloft through the crater at the stars above, but when the wind blew the smoke about, the heavens were completely hidden.

But on this particular day a strange and unique thing happened, strange and unique because it was an incident that probably would never happen again in just such a manner. While Greystone was looking through a powerful observation glass, an areoplane flew across his line of vision. You can imagine first the surprise, exhilaration and yearning, then the slumping of spirit, disappointment and chagrin that naturally followed after the birdman passed from view. With a sigh he left the observatory and, with King Phara, went to the School of the Entered Apprentices. Here older youths of the city were assembled, and, under Gaome, the Past Master Mason, were lectured to and instructed in those things that constitute Masonry. Gaome was a tall stalwart and commanding sort of a person, and wore a jewel of dazzling brilliancy upon his breast. It constituted a gold wreath, bedecked with diamonds and other precious stones, which circled a gold Square and Compass attached to a Quadrant. It also had a gold

disc with extending rays that depicted the Sun. This was situated in the hollow of the Square. Gaome also wore an apron made of sheep-skin, and in the center of it was the Square and Compass and the letter "G". Gold fringe was also attached to the border of the two hanging sides of the triangular piece, and its center contained a replica of the All-Seeing-Eye. The meeting at the Apprentice school was the first that afforded Greystone the pleasure of meeting Gaome. It took place about the time of adjournment of school. Consequently, they had time to enter upon quite a discussion of matters pertaining to instructions in the Apprentice Degree.

It seems that while Greystone stood unobserved in the vestry before entering the Apprentice chamber, he overheard an error in the lecture and spoke of it. It had been known for generations that an error existed, but just where no one knew, and King Phara promptly considered it an opportune time to make necessary corrections. The error had come about and in some way handed down to succeeding generations by word of mouth. This must have happened as the works of Masonry are not recorded. However, when it was learned that Greystone would restore the missing parts of the lecture, the chamber filled rapidly and became packed with men of various rank and title. Where the men came from in such a short notice is rather baffling. They grouped around Greystone as he took the platform, and listened attentively while he lectured from the chart. In a moderate tone of voice, he started speaking about the Marble shaft, and in succession spoke of things concerning the Bee-hive, the Ark, the Pick and shovel, the Urn, the Sword on the Bible, the Sword

pointing to the Naked Heart, the Checkered squares with corners meeting on a triangle, and ended by talking about the Coffin and Lid and the tree that stood by it. The audience sat spell-bound, after Greystone had concluded his remarks, many heads continued to nod in acquiescence to all that he had said.

The next place visited was the Clay grounds, and here it would require a volume merely to enumerate the fine mouldings and works of clay. Such exquisite works of pottery and statuary, the world has never seen. Yet we must pause only to briefly describe this place. The Clay grounds expanded over a considerable stretch of territory, and numerous workmen were employed there. Each man, according to his craftsmanship, was busily engaged in applying his skill toward perfecting some article; either a work of art, or something for domestic utility. In one place men would be designing and moulding clay into various shapes of vessels, in another they would be engaged in adorning an amphora or a vase with mythological subjects, or perhaps preparing their various wares for the ovens. The huge bake-ovens, located here and there throughout the territory, were singular features worthy of mentioning because they were connected to the flue channels or outlets of the volcano from which all the necessary heat for baking and other purposes was obtained.

Leaving the Clay grounds and returning to the terminal, King Phara and Greystone entered a tunnel that was larger than any of the others. Huge ruts, cut deep into the bare rock from centuries grinding and wear of stone cart wheels, ran along its whole course. In days past it must have been a

highway for transporting heavy material. For some distance the course was straight, then it took a sweeping curve and terminated near a large marble quarry where approximately three hundred men were hewing, trimming and carving stone. The workmen used many queer and crude looking implements to handle the stones, which in many instances weighed several tons. Yet these huge massive blocks and columns were twirled and shifted about as if they were small blocks of wood. For a few moments, Greystone watched some workmen polish and give the finishing touch to an image that resembled Thoth, the eagle-headed figure with a body like a man. Then King Phara led him through a short intersecting tunnel which connected a tunnel running parallel with the one to the quarry. Following this underground roadway and coming to a large and heavy bronze gate partially blocking the passageway, Greystone gazed upon two cherabims with outstretched wings. The cherubims stood on pedestals on each side of the roadway, and each held a hanging lamp containing burning incense. On the panels of the gate, strange figures were moulded and engraved. The weird aspect immediately conveyed its representation of the gate from this world to the next, through which all must pass, for just beyond laid the burying ground.

Vault after vault stood, like silent sentinels, on each side of the roadway and formed an entrance to a large square enclosure containing nothing but human bones. This was the Temple of the Dead with side walls reaching a height of nearly two hundred feet. From the floor to the ceiling, the walls had tiers of built-in vaults which contained the pre-

served bones of as many as a hundred thousand people. Every five or six tiers, deck-balconies ran the full length and breadth of the wall, and was arranged to afford easy access to any vault. The vaults were void of any mural design, and the ceiling was painted jet black. At intervals of about fifteen feet, gargoyles projected from the balconies with glass enclosed liquid in their hands which emitted a very dim light with a dull greenish hue. King Phara showed Greystone the tombs of his ancestors, and told him about the vaults along the roadway. They were simply receiving vaults where bodies were subjected to a chemical treatment which caused rapid decomposition of the flesh, but preserved and left the bones intact. The bones, after thorough disintegration has taken place, are removed from the sealed vaults and placed in the wall receptacles of the Temple of the Dead. Greystone also learned that the tessellated floor of this temple was tile that originally composed the flooring in King Solomon's Temple. Here it had been assembled as near as possible in conformity with its original design. Alters, Columns, candelabra, lavers, gold basins, tongs, pots, shovels, fleshhooks, and a cross occupied space here and there on the floor. Near the door, a large bronze tablet hung depicting an Egyptian burial ceremony. Beneath it stood a pole with a brass serpent on top. In this temple, amid these relics, the venerable remains of Masons awaited the end of time.

In one of its many chambers, books that contained the geneology and history of each departed soul were kept. The history was written upon skin taken from the dead individuals back, and consisted of that portion covering the shoulder blade and ex-

tending to the waist line. The skin, being first treated by a process, was left transparent, and an indelible ink, composed of human blood and other preserving mixture, caused the writings which had been written hundreds of years before to show as plainly and fresh as those recently inscribed. A force of men, consisting of Mark Masters, Past Masters, Most Excellent Masters, Royal Arch Masters, Royal Masters, Select Masters, and Super-Excellent Masters had charge of the books, and were kept classifying and producing records.

Leaving the burying ground they visited a place where large bins were filled to capacity with wheat. Greystone looked at the bins and a puzzled expression appeared upon his face for he could not fathom the mystery of how the wheat got there. But King Phara proceeded to vouchsafe the simplicity of it all as follows:- During the year a number of men, who are chosen for the purpose, go into the wheat field districts of Egypt to attend to the process of raising crops. At harvest time they gather and haul the required amount aboard a fleet of ships that ply along the banks of the Nile and shores of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It is then taken to an isolated, but marked spot where a telescope chute lies hidden in the water. The men grapple it and bring its water-tight top to the surface. The rest is very simple, the cargo is emptied into the chute that terminates at the bins. The surplus grain or other product, if there be any, is taken by the Sea Faring Men to the coastwise towns and villages and sold, and the money received from the sales generally pays for placing the ships in dock and the purchase of other essentials. The latter attended to, the men

join caravans, when they have the opportunity, and later separate themselves from those who are not of their sect and return to the Masonic City.

They did not tarry long at the wheat bins, but soon came to a place where wine was made. A large force of men were employed here to tread the wine presses or in other ways assist in preparing the delicious beverage. The duties of a few consisted in placing the wine into new earthen receptacles. Numerous bins, here and there, were piled high and burdened with grapes which emitted a pleasant and intoxicating aroma. The arrangement and location of everything had been designed for effectiveness and convenience to produce the very best results. Wine was the chief tribal drink in the Masonic City, and was used at feast days, celebrations, weddings, and state affairs. In many instances the city furnished it in allotted quantities, or gave it according to the requirements of the event, so that all might have plenty. There were, however, certain restrictions for those who were inclined to excessively partake of the gratifying beverage.

From the wine-making district they returned to the city proper. At the pavilion they drank from the fountain and were greatly refreshed. Winding their way through a few principal streets, they came to a handsome and imposing structure with Egyptian sphinxes along its stairway. Embedded in the center of the pediment at the main cupola entrance, an emblem, made up of five different brilliant colored diamond-shaped stones, formed a perfect five-pointed star. Blue, Yellow, White, Green and Red were the colors of the stones. On the balustrade around the edge of the building's flat roof, nude and partially

draped figures of women stood in various poses upon square-base pedestals. Its beautiful columns, its grotesque sculpture, its graceful lines and boldness of design might be termed the master-stroke in architecture. While an effort has been made to briefly describe the exterior, it is a greater task to find words to fully render justice to the harmonious and greatly enhanced beauty of the interior. Aside from the rich and elaborate furnishings of tapestry, curtains, carpets, pictures, altars, and mystic emblems, it was a creation of beauty within itself. This magnificent building had been erected and dedicated to the exclusive use of the Order of the Eastern Star. When King Phara and Greystone arrived, the women were holding a convention. Every four years it convened, and Queen Amidine, the Supreme Grand Worthy Matron, who presided usually chose this particular time to confer honors and titles upon her subjects. Of particular interest was a woman who entered the lowest grade of the Order, and in a short space of time obtained the highest office with the exception of that of being Queen. Her name was Arsenath. She was the wife of Jephth, the Chief Captain of Caravan Patrols, and a more beautiful woman was impossible to find. She had married Jephth simply for the fact that she had deemed him to be a valuable acquisition to help her gain power and influence. A number of years before, Jephth, then a subordinate officer, had been publicly acclaimed on account of some wonderful heroic feat in battle and promoted to the office of Chief-in-Command of Caravan Patrols. Arsenath thought that his sudden rise to high command and prominence would make him arrogant and tyrannical toward others, yet

would remain, as hitherto, subjugated to her will. But Jephth measured up to the trust and confidence placed in him, and it was a keen source of disappointment to Arsenath to learn that she could not coerce him to do things according to her biddings.

At the strange spectre Arsenath first saw Greystone, and he then created a profound impression upon her which thereafter left no desire to be relinquished. After she met him, she secretly regarded him as a prince for he seemed to possess those qualities lacking in men of her own nationality. She became interested in most everything he did, and his great height, good looks, personality, style and humor helped to form the setting for the drama soon to follow. Barely had he and Naomi got accustomed to their surroundings ere he was engaged by Arsenath to teach her his Native tongue. Greystone found his pupil to be charming, and apparently possessed of all those qualities which go together to make lovingness. She appeared to be an ideal realization who observed the simple rules of good conduct, and was a loved and devoted wife. She was an apt scholar and soon mastered the English language. From time to time and in various ways, she expressed her gratitude and bestowed upon both, Greystone and Naomi, many favors. Many of these little acts of gratitude were regarded by Greystone as trifling coquetry attributed to members of the feminine sex. Her husband, whose duties required him to be away a greater part of the time and which left Arsenath very much to her own inclination, regarded the friendship of Greystone and Naomi in no degree different from that of any other person of his association. Daily Arsenath sought Naomi's

companionship, and the attitude displayed toward our heroine showed nothing but pure friendship. Probably you can see how sagacious woman was able to conceal her ultimate desire which, if known to Greystone and Naomi, would have made our hero and heroine alert to the imminent danger. But little did either dream that love had entered Arsenath's heart, causing her to love Greystone with a passion that is hard to define, but such that she fairly worshipped the very ground he trod. Probably the writer has advanced too rapidly in outlining events. Therefore, it will be necessary to immediately return to the paragraph which mentions a convention of the Order of the Eastern Star, then briefly lead up to the incidents mentioned.

At the convention, Queen Amidine conferred many honors and titles; but by conferring the honor upon Naomi of making her Supreme Grand Worthy Counselor And Advisor To Her Majesty The Queen, she evidently introduced the straw that broke the camel's back. Arsenath, in consequence thereof, became a very dissatisfied woman and her affection for Naomi was immediately turned to intense hate. Arsenath had been dissatisfied with a host of things for a long time. Previous to the arrival of Greystone and Naomi, no restrictive agency had stood in the way of her ambition or hindered her from attaining her ideals. But of late she felt that Naomi had come into too great favor among her people. She had witnessed Naomi's rise to prominence and influence, in fact she had helped her to advance. Slowly Naomi won the hearts of the people until she

was no longer regarded as a stranger among them, but instead was referred to as "The God's Favorite". Difference of nationality was of small consequence to the majority, because her services to the community outweighed prejudices, yet it created grievances among a few. Consequently when Naomi was honored with an appointment, carrying with it a position of influence, prestige and power equally as great as that of Arsenath, and the latter could not interfere, it caused untold agony which cut deep into her soul and made her furious, and the bitterness within was next to murder itself.

As recorded, the Eastern Star was in session when King Phara and Greystone arrived. King Phara deemed it advisable to enter unheralded. What prompted him to enter the building in this manner is a mystery. The women were so absorbed in the affairs of the meeting that he and Greystone procured an obscure nook so situated as to view the gathering without being seen. Shortly after entering this recess, King Phara sensed something wrong, and congratulated himself for not divulging his presence. Soon he beheld that which in some way had directed his footsteps here so that he might witness it. During the customary ceremony attending the announcement of the newly elected and appointed, King Phara heard the announcement of the newly created office for Naomi. He was looking over the assembly at the time and caught a glimpse of the expression on Arsenath's face. It was only of a moments duration, but in that brief space, wrath, malignity, abhorrence and hate were plainly stamped. The next instant she was all smiles, and he saw her extend her hands and offer Naomi every

desirable success in her new office. As far as known he was the only person who saw the casting of the evil look. Her colleagues did not see it for otherwise they would have mentioned it. But in having such a personage as the Potentate for a witness, our hero and heroine might indeed be adjudged fortunate. For some reason he could not forget it. It constantly haunted him and conveyed some foreboding of future revenge. The matter was never mentioned to a living soul; yet to see Arsenath as she stood, merrily chattering with Naomi and others, with not a sign of anything other than good will, failed to convince King Phara that her heart was in accord with her facial expression. Even after Naomi took up the duties of her new office, Arsenath was no less obliging and eager to perform any duty assigned. If any body had intimated that Arsenath's friendship was false, and that she was simply operating in hawk-like fashion to strike when the psychological moment presented itself, such would have been regarded as extreme absurdity and Grey-stone and Naomi would have resented it.

A number of months rolled by; but during the week the city celebrated its annual Thanksgiving, opportunity played favorably in Arsenath's hands. The city in all its gala array and trimmings had become a play gound and showed an enhanced splendor beyond the expectation of one's dreams. Dignitaries and plain citizens jostled each other in jubilant spirit as they promenaded through the crowded streets. At the King's Palace, life was one thrilling event after another. The dancers, funmakers, minstrels, and musicians had full sway. The gorgeous scenes, gaiety and exhilaration kept one in a state

of enchantment. Late in the evening, Greystone got tired and headed for an exterior balcony in search of quietness and solitude. He strolled through an alcove or vestibule-like conservatory filled with palms and was passing through the outer portals when he became somewhat annoyed by the feeling of somebody clinging to his arm. Turning his head slightly, he beheld Arsenath and was carried away by her beauty. It was their first meeting of the evening, and there she stood, bedecked with dazzling jewels, and clad in the most exquisite and gorgeous attires ever created; a gown, a perfect success, which decidedly accomplished the art in draping her beautiful figure rather than obliterating it; a gown of form and grace, not indecent, but one which would appeal to the fair-minded as an ideal for a Grecian Goddess. Tiredness, or whatever ailment possessed Greystone, soon subsided after reaching the balcony for he was soon engulfed in the pleasant and soothing quiet of the surrounding. It was undoubtedly an indubitable pleasure to be dominated by the sublime suavity of manner and conversation of a beautiful woman who was capable of leading one through many phases of feeling. And while their conversation covered subjects of intellectual brilliancy, the conditions and surroundings conspired wonderfully to form a setting for intermingling flattering, sentimentality, and coquetry. Little by little the atmosphere made Greystone sensitive to a feeling that the woman at his side was endeavoring to divulge the contents of her soul with the expectation of receiving a like response. The revelation was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and temporarily deprived him of faculties of what to do or say. He tried to get

her to change the subject, but failed miserably. He tried reasoning and arguments concerning the foolhardiness of her maddening and passionate views, and finally resorted to racking his brains for some pretence or other to get away. But Arsenath perceiving his intentions, assumed an attitude of equivocal joviality to confute and allay any previous conception. As a subterfuge it served wonderfully because Greystone thought he had acted too hastily in his conclusion as no signs of sincerity remained. Also to allay the embarrassment of an abrupt exit which would be awkward courtesy, he lingered and waited in hope of some favorable means by which to be rescued. Meanwhile he tried to appear unconcerned and to enter into the same spirit shown by Arsenath, but he was not very expert in this line and things were done in a bungling manner.

Arsenath surmised what his intentions were, and to keep from being outwitted, she secretly summoned a trusted servant and had him bring a certain beverage. She took one glass and induced Greystone to take the other, and the sparkling contents of both disappeared.

PART FOUR

It was during the wee hours of the morning, yet the throngs on the thoroughfares appeared not to have diminished but, if anything, had become more hilarious and boistrous. A number had reached the stage where they did not bother much about the doings of others, for they had completely surrendered to the joviality of the occasion. But there was one among that vast sea of faces, a servant girl in Naomi's house, who saw two of Arsenath's servants assisting a man whose means of propulsion had about ceased to perform their function. The attendants conducted the figure in a manner seemingly above suspicion, yet the girl thought they endeavored to avoid particular scrutiny and her instinct sensed some mischief abroad. She could not convince herself that these men were altogether acting in good faith by playing Good Samaritan, and then there was something about the intoxicated figure which seemed familiar. She was about to direct her attention to other things when the man's

turban shifted and the damsel caught a glimpse of his face. Shocked, surprised, and incensed with every imagination, she thereafter watched their movements like a cat watches a mouse. The men chose the side streets, and the girl saw them enter the house of the eminent Arsenath and close the doors behind them.

Probably there is no need of amplifying how fleet of foot this girl was, as she lightning-like sped through the streets, or how she rushed into the house and nearly breathless told Naomi all she saw. Naomi was obliged to listen to the child's story, but believed it all to be a case of mistaken identity. But the girl remained staunch in her assertion and Naomi became very much concerned. It was not that she entertained any mistrust, or thought that any misfortune had befallen her husband, but mainly to disprove the theory of the servant and to suppress the further spreading of this infamous lie was why our heroine went to Arsenath's house at the dead hour of the night. Owing to the close relationship and intimacy between them, Naomi did not bother to knock, but entered and went direct to Arsenath's chamber.

Entering the vestibule adjacent to Arsenath's chamber, Naomi parted the portiers, and then she saw something that nearly stagnated the blood in her veins. There in plain view was the dormant body of Greystone lying on a bed, and bending over him was the form of Arsenath with lips close to his, and lost in profound ecstasy in expressing her love. She appeared to be exercising all of her facetious charms and graces, even sex, in an effort to revive and awaken, if only for a moment, a single spark of

affection in him. She was like unto one gone mad with her passionate pleading. Naomi felt like swooning and made an effort to stave it off. In doing so she made noise enough to cause Arsenath to turn and suddenly jump to her feet. And then—well, it is impossible for the author to command words to fully describe the anguish and thoughts, or whatever else these two women entertained as they glaringly confronted each other. One, exhibiting the emotions of a captured thief, acted awkward, sneeringly, sarcastic and dangerous; the other, hysterically turbulent, frantic and weak, gazed in a dazed yet loathsome manner and hoped the affair to be a terrible nightmare while the former cursed the fates that frustrated her plans. Naomi eventually demanded an explanation. It seemed to break the tension, for Arsenath advanced upon her in a menacing and ferocious manner. She described Naomi in insulting terms to be everything other than a lady. She made threats, and scornfully laughed at and vehemently ridiculed those things held sacred and holy. She regarded the prescribed standard of living as false and pretentious, and openly confessed her infatuation for the man lying there helpless, and a deluge of other threats and abuse she heaped upon Naomi.

But Naomi slowly became convinced that Arseneth had no intention of doing half the things she threatened to do, and so she retorted in a manner which expressed also her sincerity of purpose. Her remarks caused Arsenath to flinch and recoil and show great fear. She looked around as if to seek an avenue by which to escape, then suddenly and desperately she demonstrated that she was not to be

outdone. Reaching into the folds of her garment, she drew a dagger and dashed to the bed and held the weapon menacingly above Greystone's heart. Then Naomi prostrated herself at Arsenath's feet because she believed the woman intended to keep her word. She pleaded for her husband's life, but Arsenath scornfully laughed aloud. It was a mocking laugh, and she knew she had her heart's enemy at her mercy.

But alas, what was done to cause her to turn deathly pale, to let the dagger go clattering to the floor, and to simultaneously clasp her forehead and breast to stave off the symptoms of a swoon? How long had that gigantic figure stood in the doorway listening and witnessing the scene? Why this man should be with his patrols. At this moment he should be far out on the desert and not return for a month or more. Why was he here? But see his face, how terrible it is to behold! It appears to possess the lines of a wounded but ferocious savage.

“O, ye Fates! Howbeit that thou alloweth thy hand to be so unmerciful as to toss one about like timber upon crests of waves!”

Briefly, let us give the cause of Jephth's early return,, its effect has partially been mentioned, and in the writer's judgement it was all destined to happen. It is true Jephth had come home unexpectedly, and we are led to believe that Fate had a hand in the arrangement. He had successfully led his caravan into the town of Sana from Mecca and delivered a consignment of merchandise. In return he had obtained a very rich consignment for de-

livery at Maskat. The route of the latter led across the Desert of Roba-El-Khali. From Maskat the men were to recross the Desert of Roba-El-Khali and proceed to their homes by way of Medina, Akabah, and thence to Cairo. Here the caravan would disband. But before leaving Sana, Jephth got word that a large and powerful band of outlaws were hovering nearby to attack him as soon as he got well out on the desert. Finding himself in a very precarious situation by not having a sufficient force to combat the superior number, outnumbering his own three to one, he set out alone to obtain reinforcement.

It is not too much to suppose, however, that a man of his caliber would not snatch a few moments at home especially when the occasion permitted it. Therefore, from the foregoing, you can see that Jephth's home-coming was reasonable. He knew his wife would be surprised, in fact he wanted her to be. He, though a warrior, was also a man of gallant and romantic ways, and, among his personal equipments, he brought a beautiful pearl necklace to grace and adorn the figure of the one he loved. Wishing the surprise to be complete, he did not announce himself but immediately proceeded to the chamber in which his wife slept. Upon reaching the doorway, he was surprised to hear the hysterical and vehement voices of two females and he wondered why the tranquillity of the night should be disturbed. As the squabbling became somewhat comprehensible, there slowly crept into his heart a grave misgiving. It caused him to yield to the impulse to pull aside the portiers, and he saw his wife with the dagger held at arm's length over the sleeping form of a man. He heard her threaten to sever the heart-

strings of the victim and send his soul into eternity. He saw the penitent form of a woman kneeling at Arsenath's feet, and heard the pitiful prayer beseeching her to spare the victim's life. It is no difficult matter to formulate the erroneous conception of affairs according to the perspective presented to Jephth and the limited time taken for deduction.

Thoroughly enraged, Jephth threw the pearls on the floor and crushed them beneath his feet. It was this outburst of passion which caused Arsenath to look up, and then to become as if transformed into a molten image. Jephth advanced like one in a daze, and Arsenath cringed and slunk to the protection of the walls, but he appeared to ignore her entirely. His eyes were focused upon that motionless thing or figure on the bed. He continued to stare after he reached the bedside, and then, suddenly, he drew his sword to stab the occupant and would have done so had not Naomi, quicker than a flash, grabbed the dagger that laid on the floor and, with every ounce of strength, drove its prying edges deep into his back. The horror stricken and terrifying shriek of Arsenath, as she swooned and collapsed in a heap, apparently helped to resuscitate Greystone. Signs of life appeared very remote and intermittant at first, but gradually became very acute and clear afterwards. He acted as if he was fighting some demon that had him pinned to the ground. Eventually he sat up and brought his hand across his forehead to brush away the mist before his aching eyes. Naomi, though partially in a stupor, had watched him in silence at his bedside, and now, as the strain was more than she could bear, she

screamed and fell prostrated across his body. The scream and sudden weight across his body helped to further revive him. He tried to steady his thoughts, but the power of concentration was lost. His eyes settled on something moving on the floor which finally took shape of a woman laboring to disentangle her garments so as to be able to rise. There was also something about the woman that seemed strangely familiar to him, and, after discerning the woman to be no other than Arsenath, a host of questions sped through his mind at a rate that was impossible to think out a response to their inquiry. He recognized the prostrated figure lying across his limbs, it was his beloved wife. He saw another figure lying motionless near his bed, and it looked like the body of a man.

Bewildered, and at a total loss to account for the things he saw, yet comprehending some sort of tragedy had taken place, he involuntarily exclaimed questions which might shed light to his bemuddled brain, but no response to his inquiry came forth. "Surely," thought Greystone, "this must all be a terrible nightmare!" Again and again he tried to collect his thoughts and arrange them in order, but his memory carried him no further than drinking a glass of wine.

Finally the strain on his befogged mind caused him to break out in a passionate frenzy, and he roughly drew the body of his wife to his bosom. He frantically implored her to speak. She opened her eyes and they sought his and positively conveyed, though no words were spoken, an understanding of everything. He was satisfied, for it was enough to see in her eyes the token of faith and confidence in which

he would then and there have willingly joined her in death should it have called. But death did not appear. Indeed not! Naomi simply had sunk again into the blackness of unconsciousness. Her greatest fear had safely passed the danger point, therefore she submitted, seemingly purposely, to unconsciousness full of specterlike dreams and their tormenting hauntings.

A few hours later she revived. Now that her husband was alive, nothing else must she do than to entwine her arms about his neck and weep. Intermingling with this came the overwhelming desire to talk. Naomi felt that she had volumes to tell and, of course, she yielded to the inclination. But anxious as Greystone was to hear her story he thought it best, after several futile attempts to get an understanding from her wild and disjointed remarks, for both to pause to regain self-control. But before they got an opportunity to speak a word of enlightenment Arsenath revived from insensibility. She stood up, and then she saw Naomi entwined in Greystone's arms. For a few moments she stared with fierce, piercing eyes and then summoned her servants to bear testimony that Naomi murdered Jephth. The servants immediately called a guard and instructed him to arrest our heroine. But the very moment the guard placed his hands on Naomi, Greystone, like a tiger, sprang from the bed and planted a blow on the point of the fellow's chin with such force that it killed him instantly. There is no necessity for presenting you with a long account of the confusion which followed. This is left to your imagination. Let it suffice to know that during the excitement, Greystone and Naomi fled to the palace.

The news, like fiery flames, quickly spread over the whole city. Never, in all its history, had anything created such a turmoil and social upheaval. This was due to the fact that many people refused to condemn or censure Greystone and Naomi for any part they may have had in the tragedy, and simply maintained their assertions, though they knew nothing about that which had caused the killing, that the deeds could not have been perpetrated without their justifiable motive. Such was the demonstration of true friendship by these people. But there were others, a vast number of loquacious persons, who, being only too glad of the opportunity to show their dislike and prejudice, added their own nefarious opinion and imaginary observations which resulted in numerous street brawls and pugilistic encounters. On one particular street a small sized riot was in fair progress, and the guards had quite a little to do to allay it.

After our hero and heroine had fled from the immediate scenes of disastrous happenings and told their story to the King and Queen, these exalted ones became very much perturbed both in soul and body. King Phara knew that Arsenath was the evil genius through which the misfortune occurred but his position required the obligation of recognizing the order of procedure of subordinate authorities. To expedite matters, he urged the body which constituted the Court of Inquiry to make a thorough investigation, and it might be said that he offered a few suggestions as to how the investigation should be conducted. Therefore, as you have probably anticipated, the Court of Inquiry's decision concluded that Arsenath was the party at

fault. Her conduct was the cause of all that happened, for the court ruled that the part assumed by Greystone and Naomi was only the outcome and results of another personal unfaithfulness. In addition, though public feeling in some quarters appeared to reach the boiling point, the court recommended that the whole case be regarded in no other light than a sad and unfortunate event. In conjunction with this decision, King Phara issued a decree stating that all courtesy and privileges prescribed for a 30 Degree Mason and an Exalted Member of the Eastern Star would continue to be extended and accorded Greystone and Naomi, and for those who failed to adhere to this ruling he attached a penalty.

One thing that might just as well be mentioned now is, should necessity have demanded the Court of Inquiry to render a different decision, one which would have convicted instead of exonerated, then there would have been a precedent in the history of the Masonic City, for subsequent generations to read, telling whereof a beloved Potentate contemptuously interfered once with the procedure of the judiciary courts. Even if a person was convicted of a deed known to have been premeditated, said person need have no fear of suffering jeopardy of life or limb, because it was traditionally maintained that a Mason had no right to pronounce such a penalty upon a brother simply because he happened to hold a judiciary position. But would one care to live a branded life in a place like the Masonic City; a life with an indelible mark of infamy attached to his name; a social outcast and an exile by ostracism? No. Death would seem better, a more perfect obliteration.

Therefore, as you now know that events did not work out in just the manner Arsenath planned, you are interested in the final outcome. But first, an attempt shall be made to briefly describe the impressive and stately funeral of the two victims of the tragedy, Jephth, the Chief of Caravan Patrols, and Klaun, the Head of the Inner Guard. Jephth, as you have learned, was a favorite among his people. No less, in a sense, was Klaun's esteemed standing, for he was a Noble and a chronological descendant of a Noble who was slain at Riblah, and his untimely death could not have been more keenly felt or mourned. It seemed to arouse a feeling that time alone would erase. From a place of advantage in the street, one might have noted the demonstration of affection for the deceased and heard the glowing tributes, and, by degrees, would have been greatly impressed with the showing made by the Arab Patrols at the head of the procession and the mass formation of dignitaries of all ranks, wearing their full regalia, following in close succession. To have seen the funeral biers come in sight with its occupants outlined through the handsome shrouds that nearly touched the ground; to have observed the solemnity of it all, a strange and uncanny spectacle produced through the hazy vision of those who held torches seemingly to light the way, and of those who prostrated themselves along the route as the biers, borne upon the shoulders of men, approached.

But to see Arsenath, after all had passed, slip from among the crowd climb upon a wall, throw aside her mantle, utter a few unintelligible remarks, and then, before any person could perceive her intention, witness her stretch forth her hands and

cast herself headlong into the unfathomed pit adjacent to the roadway. This act was apparently the climax of the day because, when the actual significance of it manifested itself to the people, a wailing groan arose and ascended high like the pitch of a volcanic eruption. It seemed to rend the rocks around and about, and then all became quiet. Her maid, however, ventured to look down the ghastly chasm, but failed to even catch a glimpse of her mistress.

This chasm or pit apparantly was bottomless as every means had been exhausted in trying to explore and fathom its depth. In centuries past, when superstition surpassed enlightenment, the pit was used in religious observations. A custom prevailed which constituted the practice of choosing a maiden and then offering her as a living sacrifice to the god whom they thought inhabited the regions below. A girl, thus chosen, considered herself indeed fortunate and favored considerably more than any other girl, and nearly every mother's daughter sought this honor. She was taught to believe that she would be a favorite wife, and, by her charms and graces, would be able to appease his anger. If the maiden was not offered for some displeasure the people felt they had caused, then she would be offered as a grateful acknowledgement for some past blessing. But as time went on this practice, together with its tradition, became obsolete. Probably they concluded that the god was a bit too greedy and had enough wives added to his harem. However, only the legend remained.

It was during the wee hours of the following morning that Greystone and Naomi were startled from their restless slumber by King Phara who beseechingly sought admittance to their room. After being admitted and having allayed their fears, he told them the object of his visit. Lines of deep emotion showed plainly on his face, and then tears started streaming down his cheeks. First, he addressed them as brother and sister and gratefully acknowledged his appreciation of the enlightenment, the good, and the helpfulness our hero and heroine had been the means of giving and inspiring during their habitation of the Masonic City, and then he recited the concurrence of events and told of the blood-tie and esteemed regard held for the deceased brethern which, owing to the nature of their death, seemingly had darkened the sky and caused a pall like veil to descend upon the people. He continued his discourse by telling that an opportunity had that very night so favored that both might make their departure from the city, and remarked that he, along with a host of his subjects, would mourn, but the memory of their deeds would be an incentive to him and others to seek the superlative degree of perfection. To leave would be considered primarily an advantage for the good of the city, and an aid toward restoring domestic tranquillity. To remain would mean to serve as a reminder of the past and suffer humiliation and annoyances. He finished his discourse and bade them make ready to depart. Greystone and Naomi became enthused over the prospects of leaving. They feared the possibility of detection in trying to obtain some article or trinket, and concluded that as they had entered the

Masonic City empty handed, they could leave it in just the same manner, for the risk possibly would mean a lost opportunity to escape. Therefore, they informed His Majesty that they were ready to leave at the word of command.

Leaving the chamber and passing down a dimly lighted corridor having numerous mural designs and figures in bold relief along its walls, and coming to a section that intercepted it at right angle, King Phara stopped. Then taking a fleeting glance down the corridor to make sure he was not being watched, he signaled our hero and heroine to follow. They followed and came to a set of steps leading to a lower section or passageway. At the foot of these steps an arch formed an entrance to the passageway. It had a door, apparently there to guard the entrance, but it stood ajar. But King Phara did not use the door or pass under the arch. He stopped and placed his hands on that portion of the wall, being a part of the arch which faced the steps, and amazed both Greystone and Naomi by opening a cleverly concealed door. It amazed Greystone far more than it did his wife, for he had traversed those corridors time and time again and had never suspicioned that the walls of the arch contained a secret. The Door, of course, worked similar to those mentioned elsewhere in this story, and opened into a passageway which ran in an oblique direction to the main corridor. King Phara next drew two handsome gold pins of emblematic design from among the folds of his garment and fastened them upon the bosoms of our friends. Each pin contained the emblem of the Order to which our hero and heroine respectively belong. He then gave each a hearty

embrace, assisted them through the aperture, and, with a parting clasp of the hand, bade them God-speed.

The door closed and all was darkness; but with an object in view they journeyed forth. They followed the passageway for hours and then suddenly it took a dip. Naomi screamed, and Greystone, while tightly clasping her around the waist, frantically grappled with his free hand for some means to check their rapid descent. But no means were available, and they were precipitated into a madly dashing river of great depth. They came to the surface, but were whisked along with the current like match stems. They fought bravely to keep their heads from becoming submerged beneath the torrent, and had to fight equally as hard to keep their heads from coming in contact with the rugged projecting stones protruding from the ceiling, for this under ground body of water nearly filled the culvert through which it ran. Only through the providence of God and the exercising of great presence of mind were they able to keep from becoming battered and bruised, and probably beaten to a pulp against those rocks. But the strain began to have its effect, and Naomi soon became a lifeless burden in her husband's arm while he, too, felt that he must soon give up. At one particular spot it was necessary to submerge to keep from coming in contact with the ceiling which abruptly declinated, and for a long distance the undercurrent held them firmly in its grasp. It seemed useless to fight against it, and Greystone was about to give up when he felt himself rising. He came to the surface like a torpedo shot from a tube and

caught a glimpse of God's free sunlight, but nothing more because exhaustion caused oblivion.

PART FIVE

The large ocean steamer had just nicely cleared from the smaller crafts that dotted the water along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and was neatly threading its way along the path frequented by ocean giants that leads to the vast Atlantic Ocean. The passengers had settled down to the hospitable and luxurious accomodation. The day was ideal, and the sea was perfectly calm, being slightly above a ripple. Only now and then a whitecap would appear and roll off with a swashing sound. Seagulls dotted the water or rose in a body on finding themselves in the path of the liner. Now and then one would circle the boat, and, in a wide soaring graceful manner, would pounce to the water and seize a fish, then, with it tightly clinched in its talons, would rise and fly to the towering cliffs, there to partake of its dainty morsel with its young.

The low, heavy, dronelike sound of the ship's fog whistle intermingling at intervals with the signal gong; the clear silver tone of the orchestra; even

the tinkling sound of the buoy bell blended in perfect harmony as it appeared to float away and eventually was lost to sight in the distant sparkling and glittering water; lent to the whole a sense that one would be content to go on and on, and forever drift amidst just such happy irresponsibilities.

While passengers were watching the hazy and fast fading shore line, deep in reveries and fancies, a voice of alarm, high above the reverberating and pulsating rythm of the engines, trumpeted from the crow's nest and sounded "Man Overboard." The fantastical and syncopated tune, floating from the ball room, stopped suddenly. Sharp commands followed, the engines were reversed, and finally the great ship was brought to a standstill. A small boat was lowered, and in a jiffy was off to the spot indicated by the lookout. Spectators on the ship followed the course of the small boat and soon saw a dripping bundle hauled over its side. Those on deck, who fortunately possessed binocles, made out the mass to be that of a man with a woman tightly clasped in his arms. Then the boat returned to the ship and was hauled safely aboard. The bodies were disentangled and stretched upon the deck, and pulmotors were brought into play, also other means of resuscitation were resorted to because, when the bodies were taken from the water, the ship's M. D. detected faint signs of life.

It seemed like eternity before those who stood about could see the faintest indication that life really existed, even then it could only be detected in the woman. Apparently they could do the man no good, though the attendants continued to carry out the physician's instruction to never cease in their labor,

they also unconsciously shook their heads in dismay. But after a while signs that gratified their efforts were detected. The tiny spark of life became very active and everybody rejoiced, then it fluttered and all but ebbed away and then, with tantalizing slowness, it rallied again. The woman rallied under the treatment more rapidly, and it became safe to move her to more comfortable quarters below deck. Here she revived and let their identity be known. Needless to say that revelation was a surprise to all, for the news of the vast fortune our hero and heroine's parents had spent in outfitting searching parties had been heralded broadcast and was no secret. When the man became sufficiently able to substantiate all that which the woman had said, a world record was made by the wireless operator in dispatching the news. Then of course, ship after ship picked up the message and relayed to the next with no less vigor and zeal than the one first mentioned.

The occasion gave rise for considerable rejoicing aboard the ship. One lady, who desired her name to be withheld from publicity and whose act originated from a most generous motive prompted by the desire to do something, as she termed, worthy of a prince, donated her spacious suite of rooms to Naomi and Greystone. Therefore, as soon as Greystone and Naomi got well enough to be moved about, they were transferred from the meagre quarters first assigned. Once upon the road to recovery, they rapidly came into their own, but the first two or three days were days filled with anxiety for those who watched at their bedsides and battled with a threatening fever. After the danger passed and

both were able to be about, passengers gathered around and heard the strange yet interesting story of the Masonic City, and to the end of the voyage they were daily the center of a wide-eyed enthusiastic crowd eager to hear the whole account of their travel.

It was near the middle of June when land was sighted, and a few days later the ship docked at Hoboken. But we must mention the never-to-be-forgotten morning when our hero and heroine cast eyes upon that superb and stately colossal figure, the Goddess of Liberty, who holds a torch at America's gateway. Anxious as they were to meet loved ones and to be again sheltered under the roof of home, this particular morning, as the ship majestically entered the harbor with the Colors lowered in conformity to a salute and the band played that melodious air, *The Star Spangled Banner*, home, indeed, had a greater meaning for it meant the whole of God's Country,—America.

Probably their patriotic feeling was enhanced on account of long absence, because four long years had passed since that memorable date of starting down the bay on their honeymoon. But now that our hero and heroine have reached home, there is no necessity for burdening you with a long account telling how the town folks turned out with the band in celebrating the home-coming, of the family reunion, of the welcome and rejoicing, and so on, because this can be left to the imagination. Yet it does not seem hardly fair to eliminate the entire incidents and surprises, therefore we record the following. After greeting friends who were lined up on both sides of the path leading to the house, Grey-

stone, upon reaching the threshold, grabbed his mother and, in one sweep, lifted her high in the air and held her there for a moment before kissing her. After that there seemed to be a continuous falling into the arms of first one fond parent and then the other while friends and relatives stood about eagerly awaiting a chance to grasp their hands and say a few cordial words.

Greystone's mother was like a young school girl in her actions, and when she could be persuaded to give way so that others might extend their greetings, it seemed she was here, there and all over at the same time. It was she who strictly maintained that her son and daughter-in-law would return home alive, while others never expected to see them again on this side of the grave. In supplementing a few of her own words she said, "I just knew it! Nobody could make me believe different. I know this boy and girl!" And equally were other expressions attributing to the ability of our hero and heroine. But no less affecting was their meeting with the Saulters. It was a surprise and they could hardly believe their own eyes. Strange that this couple could have come safely through it all, thought they, as the memory of the marauders' attack upon the caravan flashed through their minds, and then, in the next instant, all four became locked in one loving embrace while those about cheered. The story of Mr. and Mrs. George Saulters' escape might be regarded as miraculous. It was brought about as follows:

During the period of suspense and anxiety when observation glasses were raised to the eyes to fully determine whether the mass on the horizon be friend

or foe, Mr. Saulters took occasion to remove his pipe from his mouth and empty the ashes by inverting the bowl and knocking it on the rim of his basket seat. As his actions were entirely mechanically, inasmuch as his attention was also attracted to the horizon, the side chosen to empty the pipe was next to the camel, and the deposit of red hot tobacco lodged between his hide and the basket in the region where the girth strap bound the basket to the animal's anatomy. The camel was ticklish in that particular spot, and all the years of patient training to obey and remain with his outfit was forgotten and set aside for that one mad desire to get away from the cause of irritation. First, he gave a series of high jumps and tried to do an air somersault. Finding this rather tame, he dashed to the rear with tilted basket, passengers, baggage, and all. No bucking bronco had anything on that camel in the way of contortion and speed, for in less than no time a distance of nearly a mile separated the caravan from those who clung to the trappings.

The next thing that camel thought of was to stop suddenly, turn in his tracks, and dash back. But Mr. and Mrs. Saulters did not turn, they continued straight ahead and landed unhurt in the sand near a sun-baked and noxious smelling carcass of a camel of other days. Owing to the rapid development of events, no person left the outfit to go to their rescue, but instead concerned themselves for the impending attack. Mrs. Saulters was about to return when her husband pointed out the many things that were happening. Even then she declared it would be better to go back and take a chance on being killed rather than suffer the slow death beside that putrid

beast. And then the miraculous part of the whole was when the attacking force deployed to encircle their victims, Mr. and Mrs. Saulters found themselves just nicely out of the circle. They witnessed the massacre and came to the conclusion that by burrowing themselves in the sand behind the putrid carcass might mean an extension of life. Furthermore, the sway of battle happened to drift in the opposite direction, and the few outlaws left to dispatch the wounded and pillage the ruins did not bother to scour the territory beyond the area of conflict. They were confident that their attack had been perfectly executed, swift and sudden, and that only two persons escaped. Therefore, after completing their mission they mounted their steeds and rode away.

It was late in the afternoon when they attacked the caravan, and it was under the creeping shadow of darkness when Mr. and Mrs. Saulters ventured from their hiding place. The effect of the sun's hot rays, the horrors witnessed, and the contaminated smell of the carcass at their nostrils together with the hot sand, had all but done their worst. Only for the merciful relaxation of the sun's energy as it descended over the horizon leaves it doubtful whether they would have been spared other than to suffer death in another form. Thirst asserted itself, but Mr. Saulters took a bottle of Spirits of Fermenti from his hip pocket and temporarily quenched that affliction. His wife wanted water so there was nothing else for him to do but get it. He went back to the outfit and searched and found a bag full of water attached to the trappings of a dead animal. He returned and his wife drank. In fact she drank

so much that it caused Mr. Saulters to fear it would bring on delirium, so he persuaded her to take a good sip of the small quantity of liquor which necessity compelled to be diluted with water. However, he believes to this day that it was the liquor that gave his wife the strength and courage to stand the ordeal. Be that as it may, Mr. Saulters threw the water bag over his shoulder and he and Mrs. Saulters set out for home with nothing but the stars above and the instinct of direction to guide them.

Far into the night they traveled, a pair of staggering, stumbling, puffing creatures exhausted from the effects of the sweltering inferno of burning sand and stifling breeze. More than once Mrs. Saulters was on the point of giving up. She considered it useless to proceed further as on the morrow, under the sun's merciless rays, they would surely perish and their bones left to bleach after the buzzards had obtained their fill. But Mr. Saulters would bring to the foreground his liquid remedy which seemed to possess the qualities of spurring Mrs. Saulters to continue the fight. The contents diminished rapidly, and a further addition of water would have entirely sapped its strength. Consequently, Mr. Saulters was an object of great despair.

During the early morning hours, they recognized two or three caravans by their silhouette forms outlined against the sky on the horizon, but these were so far away their signaling was in vain. Later in the day a caravan passed quite near and their hearts again leaped forward in hopes that its path would lead within hailing distance. About the same time, Mrs. Saulters struck upon a bold idea. First, she inquired of Mr. Saulters as to whether he possessed

matches, to which he boldly set forth to demonstrate that he had an abundance. Then, without further questioning, she proceeded to divest him of his attirement. His coat came first, and his trousers followed while he protested in wonderment and surprise, yet meekly assented to the operation. He was left attired like an athlete ready for a race. Mrs. Saulters took the clothes and deposited them in a heap, and to it she added her own outer skirt. She then obtained the water bag, removed the stopper, and moistened her skirt with the contents. Her next operation was to place her husband's coat and trousers within the moistened skirt and make a loose bundle of the whole. Then the coat and trousers were set on fire and smothered in such a way as to confine and compact the smoke within the folds of the outer garment. The last operation consisted in having Mr. Saulters throw the bundle high in the air in a manner which would release the smoke in bulk. This was done repeatedly, and Mr. Saulters got tired and complained of having burnt finger tips. Mrs. Saulters was not concerned about his physical suffering because the head of the caravan column had travelled some distance beyond the point from which one would naturally expect to receive signs of having been seen or recognized.

They were about to conclude that further signaling was useless when the column halted and several mounted men came galloping in their direction and halted within hailing distance. Becoming satisfied that the signals had come from persons actually in distress and were not the luring bait of an enemy set to decoy them, the men advanced and rendered a grateful service, Mrs. Saulters was as-

sisted to the back of one animal while Mr. Saulters was assisted to another, and just before journeying to the main outfit the contents of a certain flask entirely disappeared down Mr. Saulters' throat. Mr. and Mrs. Saulters, of course were conducted to the Chief of the caravan, who most generously made every provision for their comfort. Fortunately the caravan was enroute to Cairo, and this consoling information, together with the friendly and hospitable reception, soon brought Mr. and Mrs. Saulters around so that they could relate their experiences. The Chief heard the particulars connected with the unfortunate expedition and sent messengers to report the atrocious affair to the English Commandant in charge of the Barracks of the Colonial Garrison near Siut. The Commandant, upon receiving the report, directed a sufficient expeditionary force to go and seek the band. A remarkable instance worthy of recording is that these soldiers of the desert found their quarry, after a few weeks search, repeating their depredatory deeds upon another caravan. Let it suffice to know that the outlaws were so intent upon pillaging and plundering that they were completely taken by surprise, their band broken up, and their number reduced to a pitiful handful. And later, of course, there ensued the more vigorous search in hopes of finding some trace or clue concerning the fate of Greystone and Naomi. The prisoners taken had been subjected to all sorts of grilling and were finally executed, but the whereabouts of our Hero and Heroine remained a mystery until after they were picked up at sea.

Mrs. Saulters required the attention of a physician and nurse after reaching Cairo and sojourned

at a sanitarium for several weeks before daring to take the steamer for the States. It might also be of interest to know that there was not a brand of spirited water in all Cairo of proper consistency to entirely eradicate the scenes of horror from Mr. Saulters' mind, or to administer to the requirements of one who had survived the ordeal and hardships of the desert. It was a case of shattered nerves, at least that is what he said it was after reaching an unprohibitionized region.

Well, our story is ended. The members of a small, but select party have, with the exception of the Rev. Laurence Potters who saw fit to continue his researches, returned safely to the shores of the good old U. S. A. and now live under the protecting furls of Old Glory. Nothing else remains to be said unless it is that Mr. and Mrs. George Saulters and our hero and heroine have established themselves in their respective order of society, and have assigned themselves to the duties involved in the careers of their choice. Mr. and Mrs. Saulters give wonderful dinner parties, entertain lavishly, and are, to a degree, the same old globe trotters.

Without exaggerating, one can truthfully say that Egbert Greystone and his wife, Naomi, have not reached the place where time is in such abundance as to linger heavily on their hands. They are kept busy attending conventions and lecturing. Yet aside from this demand, they take delight in showing a number of magnificent photographic views of the Masonic City which our hero managed to obtain through a small camera kept concealed on his person. He had feared that in some way the films

were totally ruined, especially by the action of the sea water. But after they emerged from the developing process, the pictures turned out were wonderful.

It is no more than proper to have the few remaining remarks pay tribute to Naomi, for it was she who suffered most. But now she stands high and climbs life's rugged slope at her husband's side. It is still her loyalty and helpfulness that braces Greystone for the next step forward. She never complains, but patiently bears her share of burdens with eyes glued on the horizon of the future. She seeks to enlighten those in darkness so that this world might be a far brighter and better place in which to live. The blazon jewel that King Phara gave adorns her breast; a beautiful emblem of pecuniary value and a memento of an occasion. But Naomi seeks the more valuable jewels that shall be added to her crown in Glory. She asks only, when her life's work is o'er, to be permitted to enter that Celestial City, a city not built with hands where the Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe and over the host of all mankind, rules supreme and is the Potentate Superlative.

(THE END)

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS

The Writer has attempted to place before you a thrilling story combining antiquity with the present day through an Ancient and Time Honored Organization. In brief narration he has endeavored to make you feel the lure of Egypt's desert; sprinkled it with adventure and tragedy; mixed it with the melting colour of art, love music, and romance; flavored it with passion, charm, humor and sorrow; and conclusively swathed the whole in a cloak of mystery.

The Writer believes it constitutes a work which gives new treatment to an ancient subject, and furnishes you with fascinating scenes and incidents that pass before you like a moving picture with present day characters who are made to be real and alive.

Conclusively, it is hoped that the story of the Masonic City has been a source of delight to the reader, and will reproduce in the minds of those who constitute the Exalted Masonic Body the things which inspire righteous living and go together to build the Master's Kingdom.

JOSEPH THOMAS FRANCIS.

APPENDIX

READY REFERENCE TO BIBLE ACCOUNT OF KING
SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AND OTHER THINGS MENTIONED IN
THE STORY OF THE MASONIC CITY.

Story of King Solomon's Temple—1st King, 5th Ch.
The Contractor (Hiram, Ruler of Tyre)—1st King,
5th Ch., 1 to 10 Ver.

Carpenters—2nd Samuel, 5th Ch., 11th Ver.

Builders and Masons—2nd Samuel, 22nd Ch., 17th V.

How stones were prepared at Quarry—1st Samuel,
5th Ch., 17-19th Ver. and 1st King 5th Ch., 7th V.

The Winding Stairs—1st King, 6th Ch., 8th V.

The Porch—1st King, 7th Ch., 6th V. and 6th Ch.,
3rd V.

Dimension of Porch—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 4th V.

The Pillars—1st King, 6th Ch., 15-22nd V.

Two Pillars of Porch (Jachin & Boaz)—1st King,
7th Ch., 21st V.

Two Pillars of Porch—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 17th V.

Capitals or Chapiters—1st King, 7th Ch., 16-20th &

41st V.

Height of one Pillar—2nd King, 25th Ch., 17th V.

Sea with Twelve Oxen—1st King, 7th Ch., 23-25th V. and 2nd Chron., 4th Ch., 1-5th V.

Candlesticks—2nd Chron., 4th Ch., 7th V. and 1st King, 7th Ch., 49th V.

Clay Grounds (Between Succoth and Zarthan in the plain of Jordan, and between Succoth and Zeredatha, 35 miles from Jerusalem)—1st King, 7th Ch., 45-47th V.

Trees of Lebanon—1st King, 4th Ch., 33rd V.

Corn, Wine, and oil—Nehemia, 10th Ch., 39th V. and 13th Ch., 5th V.

Corn, Wine, Oil, and Honey—2nd Chron., 31st Ch., 5th V.

East Country (Seems to indicate India)—1st King, 4th Ch., 30th V.

Mention of Four Buildings

The Temple (7 years building it)—1st King, 6th Ch., 38th V.

His House (13 years building it)—1st King, 7th Ch., 1st V.

House of the Forest—1st King, 7th Ch., 2nd V.

Pharoah's Daughter's House—1st King 7th Ch., 8th V.

Doors of Olive Tree—1st King, 6th Ch., 32nd V.

Timber of Fir—1st King, 5th Ch., 8th V.

Twelve Captains—1st Chron., 27th Ch., 1-16th V.

The Alter—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 1st V.

Oracle of Pure Gold—2nd Chron., 4th Ch., 20th V.

Dimension of Cherubims—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 11-14th V.

Colors—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 14th V.

Weight of Nails—2nd Chron., 3rd Ch., 9th V.
Jerusalem besieged by Babylonians—2nd King, 24th
Ch., 11th V.
Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon—2nd King 24th
Ch., 11th V.
Destruction of Temple's treasures—2nd King, 24th
Ch., 13th V.
Killing of Nobles at Riblah—2nd King, 25th Ch., 18-
22nd V.
Time of siege—2nd King, 25th Ch., 1st V.
Time of capture (about 9 yrs. later)—2nd King, 25th
Ch., 8th V.
How Temple was destroyed—2nd King, 25th Ch.,
9th V.
What became of the Temple's equipments—2nd
King, 25th Ch., 8-18th V.

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